Debris - I don't want this anymore

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Debris - I don't want this anymore

by reid_simp

Summary

> “I don’t want this, Hannibal. I don’t want this anymore.” He chokes on the words. “I don’t want you to control my life, everything I think about, anymore.”
>
> post-lotta kidnapping drugging and sawing, will is having some conflicting emotions about what he wants

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will was tied up. Hannibal sawing into his head.

He was tied up with fucking pigs. Of course, literal pigs as well as the man who was just about to eat his brain.

He was tied in a chair reminding him all too well of his time visiting Beverly's body, the time he almost broke down for good.

He didn't need to be tied down then, because he was paralysed, waiting for his face to be lifted off without anything he could do about it.

He wasn't tied down when Hannibal saved him. Carried his body home and stitched him up. He'd been in an odd state of consciousness, then. From blood loss and sleep deprivation, all he wanted to do was pass out for many hours. But the man who sawed into his head, framed him for mass murder, stabbed into his bowels, was now in his house, and Will was so weak, emotionally and physically, that he wouldn't put up a fight should Hannibal decide to finish the job.

Perhaps he wouldn't even want to try.

"Good morning, Will," Hannibal said, voice dominating as he walked towards Will's bed with a cup of coffee. "Now, I wouldn't normally encourage your caffeine habit, but I agree it's been a difficult couple of days for you."

"I shouldn't have come after you. Alana knew I would. Everyone knew I would."

"I knew you would. Of course. It's your nature. Our nature. At some point, the cup must come together."

"Can't live with you, can't live without you," Will murmurs, a touch of anger simmering. "I don't want to do this anymore. I want to fix boats and look after dogs. This wasn't supposed to happen." There's a pause, his statement lingering in the air.

"Have you called Jack?"

"No." Of course not.

"But he's coming?"

"Of course." Alana would've called him, of course, to come get Hannibal before he could get away. Not to worry about Will. Will doesn't think anyone cares about him; the only one who appears to just sawed into his head. Alana was willing for him to be tortured to death, if only it meant Hannibal was dealt with. He's just a menas to an end. All anyone can ever trust him to do now is lead them to Hannibal.

"He knows you so well."

"Yep. Knows you well, too. Knew you'd bring me back here."

“You should... you should go, before Jack gets here. He's very... eager to catch you. He probably didn’t appreciate you kidnapping and drugging him.”

“You think he appreciated what I did to you?” Okay, so Hannibal is abandoning talking about what he did, and talking about it openly. He saved his life, which in Hannibal’s eyes means they’re even. Will doesn’t suppose he’s completely wrong. He does like to think Alana would’ve stopped him, but he doesn’t want to think about it too much, because the conversation in the dining room didn’t fill him with optimism that he had anyone on his side.

God, Will really thinks there’s no one on his side. He’s got the dogs, he supposes.

Everyone else believed he was a murderer, whether they thought he was capable of murder or so insane that he could do that. They all believed Hannibal over him; Hannibal who had complete control over his life and future, who manipulated him and made his symptoms worse, encouraged him to use him.

“I’m starting to think he enjoys hurting me.” He pauses. “If you leave now, you’ll get away. Go with Chiyoh. Stay out of my life.”

“I can’t stay out of your life Will, no more than you can stay out of mine.” That’s worrying for Will. All he wants now is to get away. Forget saving lives, he wants out. Out of all of it. Out of the beatings and stabbings and fucking sawing. He's sick of seeing murders and being expected to be absolutely fine. Get into the mind of a murderer, act out the things they did which result in the bodies he’s seeing and has to compartmentalise.

“I don’t want this, Hannibal. I don’t want this anymore.” He chokes on the words. “I don’t want you to control my life, everything I think about, anymore.”

End Notes

1 hour from being late like my last one!

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